

years of age. I was born in the village of Saint-Jory, a few league from Toulouse, up the Garonne.

> For fourteen years I struggled with the soil to earn my bread, Comfort finally came, and last month I found myself the richest farmer in the neighborhood.

Our house seemed blessed. Happiness dwelt within it. The

and I do not recollect a single bad harvest. There were nearly a dozen of us on the farm in those happy days; myself, still buoyant bachelor, and formerly a sergeant in the cheerful woman whose laugh could be heard to the other end of the village.

S α ш

NSUE

MORAL:

riage. We did not like to leave the old homestead. We would rather have built a village in the garden behind the house. When families agree it is so pleasant to live and die where one has grown up.

The month of May had been unusually fine this year. For a long time there had not been such a promise of an abundant harvest. One day I took a walk around my farm with my son Jacques. We started about 8 o'clock. Our meadows on the banks of the Garonne spread out clad in the brightest green; the grass was three feet high, and a willow planted a year before was already putting forth its sprouts.

We then visited our grain crops and vineyards—fields purchased year by year according as our wealth increased. The wheat fields and vineyards were in full bloom and gave promise of a splendid yield.

Tapping me on the shoulder, Jacques burst into a joyous laugh, as he exclaimed: Well, father, we shall want for bread and wine no more. You have surely won the favor of the Almighty, when he pours down such blessings on your lands."

We often joked pleasantly in referring to our past privations. Jacques was right. I must indeed have won the favor of some and merry, accompanying the children to saint on high, or of the Almighty himself, for work; my younger brother, Pierre, an old we were the luckiest of all the people around us. When a hail storm came it stopped just army; and my sister Agathe, who lived with at the boundary of our fields. If our neighus since her husband's death, a portly and | bor's vineyards were blighted ours seemed to be surrounded by a wall of protection.

In the end I came to imagine that this was



THE FUGITIVES STILL DANKED WILDLY ALONG THE BOAD.

on mice the functional do shears, a porty and good to the collection of the willings of the property of the pr

"No, no," I answered. "The leaves do not even stir."

In fact, the entire country to the furthest boundary of the horizon was as calm and peaceful as usual. But I had scarce ceased speaking when an exclamation burst from us all. Behind the fugitives, among the groves of poplars, in the midst of the tall herbace, we suddenly saw what appeared to be a huge mass of grayish and spotted wild beasts advancing with an appalling roar. From every side they came, wave chasing wave, in galloping confusion, a mass of foaming waters, seething, boiling, flinging their white crests in the air and shaking the earth in their furious onset.

in the air and shaking the earth in their furious onset.

We in our turn now uttered the despairing cry: "The Garonne! The Garonne!"

The fugitives still dashed wildly along the road. They could hear the rushing waters gaining on them at every stride. The waves now advanced in one long, serried line, tumbling and crashing like the thunderous din of an army closing with the enemy. Under the first shock three poplars were snapped to pieces, their tall foliage sinking and disappearing in the foamy waters. A boarded hut was engulfed; a wall crumbled to pieces, and carts and wagons were swept away lik wisps of straw.

But the waters seemed above all to pursue the fugitives. At a turn of the road, where the ground was low, the waves suddenly rushed in, forming a vast sheet of water and completely cutting off all retreat. Still the frightened group dashed on, splashing through the rising sea with giant strides, but no longer shrieking, although mad with terror. The waters had reached their knees. A huge wave now flung itself on the woman who was carrying the baby. Both were swallowed in an instant.

"Quick! quick!" I cried. "We must get into the house—it is solidly built, and we have nothing to fear."

But prudence soon compelled us to seek refuge in the second story. We made the girls go up first. I insisted on going up last myself. The house was built on a hillock that overlooked the road. The water now overspread the courtyard and continued to rise. But we were not much alarmed.

"Bah!" exclaimed Jacques, to reassure the little company, "it will be nothing, after all. You remember, father, how some years ago the water overflowed the courtyard just like this. It rose a foot and gradually subsided."

"Still, it will be very hard for the crops," muttered Cyprien.

go the water overflowed the courtyard just like this. It rose a foot and gradually subsided."

"Still, it will be very hard for the crops," muttered Cyprien.

"No, no, it will amount to nothing," I replied, on seeing the tearful, beseeching eves of the women. Aimee had put her two children to bed, and, in company with Veronique and Marie, was seated beside the pillow. Aunt Agathe talked of mulling some wine that she had brought up to revive our drooping courage. Jacques and Rose were standing together looking out of the window. I was at the other window, with my brother, Cyprien and Gaspard.

"Come up," I called to the two servants who were splashing about in the yard. "Do not stay down there to be all wet."

"But the cattle," they cried, "are frightened, and will kill themselves in their stalls."

"No, no; come up at once. We'll see to the cattle by and by."

The rescue of the cattle was impossible should the disaster continue to increase. Still, I thought it useless to add to the fears of the company. I even forced myself to appear in the best of spirits. With my elbow leaning on the window sill, I chatted and pointed out the progress of the flood.

The river, after its first assault on the village, flooded every street and lane. It was no longer a charge of dashing waves, but a slow and irresistible suffocation. The hollow in which Saint-Jory lay was now a vast lake. The water in our yard was over three feet deep. I saw it slowly rise, but I insisted that it remained standing, and I even went so far as to argue that it was subsiding.

"You will be compelled to stay here all night, my boy," I said, turning to Gaspard.

"But the roads may be dry again in a few hours' time." He looked at me without making any reply, his face deadly pale. I afterwards saw him fix his eyes on Veronique with a look of inexpressible anguish.

(To be Continued To-Morrous.)

(To be Continued To-Morrow,

AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND TESTIMONIAL

Miss SARAH JEWETT.

TRURSDAY AFTERNOON, 2 c'clock, Dec. 18, on which occasion will be produced for the first time.

A SAD COQUETTE.

the Comedians, ROBSON AND ORANE under the management of J. M. Hill and Jose in the great American Comedy, THE HENRIETTA. by Bronsen Heward.

Evenings at 8.15, Saturday Matines at 2, 10, 45. Seats secured two weeks in advance.

METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE.
HOP MANN CONCENTION
HOP MANN CONCENTION
Under the personal direction of My. HENRY E. AMBRY.
Tues., Dec. 15, at 5.15. Thurs., Dec. 15, at 5.80 o'clock.

JOSEF HOFMANN,

accompanied by Muss. HELENE HASTRETTER, Prima Donna Contraits; Theo. Bjorksten, Tenor; Sig. De An-na, Baritone; Miss. Nettle Carpenter, Violiniste; Man-Ferrari, Accompanist; Mme. Sacconi, Harpist, and Adolph Neusndorff's Grand Orchestra. Seats now de sale. Weber Grand Piano used.

DOCKSTADER'S MINERELA

JOSEF HOFMANN'S SISTER.

FRANK HOWARD, greatest ballad singer, in a new song, entitled "ONLY A BLUE BELL." Dockstader in a new song and specialty, Last week of "Black Faust" and Musical Bifflings.

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE.

FOWARD HARRIGAN DEPOSITION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PR

Wednesday—Matines—Saturday.

EDRN MUSER, 23D ST., BET. STH & STH AVES.

ERDELYI NACZI

and his HUNGARIAN OBCHESTRA.

Concerts from 5 to 5 and 5 to 11.

Admission to all, 50 cents; children 26 cents.

AJEEB—The Mystifying Chees Automaton.

RAND OPERA-HOURE.

Reserved seats, orchesters, circle and balcony, 80e.
ed. | MRS. LANCTRY | Seat.
in "AS IN A LOCKING-GLASS,"

Next Sunday-PROF. COMWWILL'S lecture,

"San Francisco and the Far West,"

SUCCESS OF ELAINE. Mail and Express.—"An unequivocal success."
SEATS RESERVED S WEEKS IN ADVANCE.

CASINO.

Evenings at 8. Matines, Saturday at 2.

THE JOLLIEST OF ALL COMIC OPERAS,

Beceived with continuous laughter and applauss,

JOURNAL—A booming success. Full of consedy.

ADMISSION, 50c.

Beats secured a month abead.

FIFTH AVE. THEATRE.
EVENINGS AT 8. MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2.
HOYT'S LATEST COMEDY SATIRE. A HOLE IN THE GROUND.

*, Monday, Dec. 19—MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. MONDAY NEXT,

MANSFIELD

In his own comedy MONSIEUR.

Seats may now be secured.

14 TH STREET THEATRE—COR. SIXTH AVE.

Matiness Wednesdays and Saturdays.

PORTIVELY LAST TWO WEEKS OF

PORTIVELY LAST TWO WEEKS OF

IN THE 61LD HOMISTERD.

Gallery, 25c. Reserved, 35c., 50c., 15c., 81, 61.50.

NIBLO'S.

N Received seats, Orchestra Circle and Balcony, 50c.
THIRD WEEK,
THIRD WEEK,
SHE

Matiness Wednesday and Saturday.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE, AND SAID AND TONY PASTOR'S GREAT SHOW.
ANDY AND ANNIE HUGHES ALBERT CLIVES.

RAND OPERA-HOUSE.

MADIBON SQUARE THEATRE, Mr. A. M. PALMER Evenings at 8.30. Beturday h

st. and Broadway. Nightly. 8.30; S t. Mat., 2.30 BEATS IN ADVANCE. NO EXTRA. Our new and laughable buriceque,

......J. M. HILL

Union square theatre.

They are, and we guarantee them to be every one the very facet ENGLISE AND SCOTCH SUITINGS imported.

They are the LATEST DESIGNS of this peason's importations, and were made especially for the MOST EXCLUSIVE TAILORING
THADE.

We will also manufactuate their con-We will give samples and invite comparist in style and quality with the BEST and HIG EST-PRICED SUITING in any mercha tailoring establishment in New York or significant UNION SQUARE THEATRE, J. M. HILL, Manager

and for

TWENTY DOLLARS

we will make to YOUR ORDER as good a SUIT OF CLOTHES as would ceet in a regue in way Fifty Deliane. This is a MPECIAD SALE, and never in the history of our business have we been able to offer so MUCH feel to LITTLE; in other words, it is really a

\$50 SUIT FOR \$20.

GEO. A. CASTOR & CO.,

BROADWAY AND 18TH ST. ALSO 267 BROADWAY. Opposite City Hall Park,

FOR SALE. EMBROIDERED TOILET SETS, half price that wook; also comething new. 928 Broadway, something new. 928 Broadway, something new.

AMUSEMENTS.

H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE.

A CASC. THE LAST WEEK.

30c. THE LAST WEEK.
30c. ARABIAN NIGHTS.
15c. MATINEE TO-MGRROW.
11. Dec. 26, BOOTH AND BARRETT. BLJOU GOPERAHOURE, THE COREAIR. Evenings at S. Hass Wed. 6 bet. 42 h.

POOLE'S THRATER. STH ST. AND STH AVE. 1900., 200., 200., 500., Mats. Host., Wood., There, and John Halliand of portrain internal John Halliand of DIGE OUTTHE.

STAR THEATRE.

SUBJECT OF THE STAR OF THE

AT THIS SEASON OF THE YEAR PREPARE FOR THE DANGERS OF WINTER.

INSURE IN

TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY, OF HARTFORD, CONN.

RODNEY DENNIS, Secretary.

JAS. G. BATTERSON, President.

The Largest Life and Accident Insurance Company in the World.

All desirable forms of Life and Accident Policies issued Immediately on application. All claims paid without Discount immediately on receipt of satisfactory proofs.

THE MOST LIBERAL POLICIES ISSUED BY ANY

140 BROADWAY NEW YORK OFFICE

R. M. JOHNSON, General Agent.

AGENTS AND BROKERS WILL FIND IT TO THEIR ADVANTAGE TO PLACE BUSINESS WHERE THE PAYMENT OF CLAIMS IS PROMPT AND CERTAIN!

NSURE Ī THE \dashv RAVEL П Z